

THE *Lehigh* REVIEW



❖ MID-YEAR, 1940 ❖

- BEER AND SEX—WOW!!
- AND TIME MACHINES
- MORE FROWN AND BITE

— Twenty Cents —

HERE'S
ROY CONACHER
(No. 9),
HIGH-SCORING
FORWARD OF THE
BOSTON BRUINS,
WORLD
CHAMPIONS
of '39...



IN THIS ACTION SHOT he's come in like a bullet from an express rifle...he takes a pass. But the opposition's defense stops him—this time.



HE'S AWAY! He burns up the ice—a spectacular solo dash...nimble he dodges the defense...draws out the goalie and scores.



AGAIN a furious flash of speed...a split-second of stick magic...and the puck shoots home for the goal that wins the match.

His hockey's fast and hot!

BUT HE SMOKES A SLOW-BURNING
CIGARETTE FOR MORE MILDNESS, COOLNESS,
AND FLAVOR



When it's easy-chair time after the hockey match, you'll find Roy Conacher of the Bruins enjoying a milder, cooler, more fragrant, and flavorful cigarette... Camels, of course.

"**S**PEED'S fine in hockey but not in cigarettes"—Roy, how right you are!

Research men may use fancier language—but they say exactly the same thing about cigarettes.

Scientists know that nothing destroys a cigarette's delicate elements of fragrance and flavor so mercilessly as—*excess heat*. And cigarettes that burn fast also burn *hot*. Your own taste tells you that.

Slow-burning cigarettes *don't* burn

away these precious natural elements of flavor and fragrance. They're milder, mellower, and—naturally—cooler!

And the *slowest-burning* cigarette of the 16 largest-selling brands tested was *Camel*...they burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 others. (See panel at right.) Why not enjoy Camel's extra mildness, coolness, fragrance, and flavor? And extra smoking equal to 5 extra smokes per pack. (Again, eyes right!)

In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to



**5
EXTRA
SMOKES
PER PACK!**

FOR MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND FLAVOR

CAMELS SLOW-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Passing in Review

AGAIN THE PESTILENCE

This year's epidemic of what is more properly known as intestinal gripe left its mark on the somber brow of Lehigh. For a while the rumor was strong that the disease with all its ugly ramifications originated from the water about town. Those stricken walked around the campus tapping people significantly on the shoulder and warning them **not to drink the water**. Some of the more social took to the admonition quite willingly. For the most part, they said, they never drank water anyhow.

But this voluntary stoppage of water consumption left the non-bibulous up in the air. The plump and the dyspeptic were not in a position to supplant water with milk. Too many of the carbonated beverages placed one in a position equally unsatisfactory as the original disease. The situation was becoming increasingly acute when a counter-rumor was started to the effect that it wasn't the water now but the milk. Although the arrangement is still unsatisfactory, at least the plump and the dyspeptic are on an equal footing with the rest of us.

For a while there was talk of the university moving the students out of Price Hall and reopening the brewery, but this has not been substantiated.

WE POINT WITH PRIDE

The Review has seldom followed in the editorial footsteps of the Brown and White. We have never been able to keep ourselves as charmingly innocent as the campus newspaper. We are always dirtying our hands in some sort of entangling alliance like the American Student Union or Mr. Dies and his plans for the Americanization of Americans. Last year while the Brown and White was walking, umbrella in hand, on its high board fence, we were blowing our horn for the A. S. U. The upshot was as you may remember, that the divinity (small d) squelched it with a rat-a-tat-tat.

This year, when the A. S. U. decided not to pass judgment on the Russian invasion of Finland, American newspapers devoted a good amount of space to the viewing with alarm of the younger generation. The New York Times, for instance, said it was quite obvious who was in the right in the Russian-Finnish war since Finland has only four million inhabitants compared to Russia's 170 million. In other words a war is only justifiable when both armies are of the same strength.

The Brown and White sensed the complete safety of a stand on the A. S. U. and came out against it, using the editorial from the New York Times and supplementing it with their own.

Now, we had a little training in clipping and pasting from the journalism department. One of the proud results of our education is this article below we clipped from a syndicated column after the A. S. U. question had been aired so competently by the ubiquitous American press.

So many clippings have come to me and so many letters also, condemning the American Students' Union, that I have come to the conclusion that there is a misapprehension in people's minds as to what actually transpired at their convention in Madison, Wis. I happen not to be particularly concerned with what they did or didn't do. I certainly hold no brief for their refusal to condemn Russia, but I should like to point out that the resolution which they actually passed was practically identical with the resolution passed by the National Students' Federation, which is a conservative student body, and with one passed by another student group, all with the aim of keeping us out of war.

This attitude reflects the attitude of the older members of their families. The fact they will not condemn Russia, I think, arises more from a general distrust of all news and feeling that condemnation of any people should at present be withheld. You and I may think this attitude foolish, may even think it wrong, but I really do not think that it is quite necessary to dignify it with the amount of notice and apprehension which it seems to have excited in the press and in the minds of certain individuals.

The author of this statement was Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, one of our better-known liberals.

TOO MANY THURSDAYS

This Wednesday-Thursday-Thursday-ditto affair caused more havoc than most people think. One professor, whose business it was to shoot a quiz at his students every Thursday was forced to give two of them in a row. One fraternity we know of had the same meals two days in a row. At least this was better than the case of the fellow who got indigestion from eating Wednesday's pot roast after Thursday's Machine Design.

There was a sophomore who got moody early Wednesday morning and sat through all his Thursday classes and just sulked and sulked. Wouldn't even talk to anybody until his roommate found an old calendar that had Thursday on January 3. Where people find old calendars is a mystery to us.

THE *Lehigh* REVIEW

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Bethlehem, Penna.

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The Lehigh Review is published by the students of Lehigh University and is entered as second class mail at the Post Office in Bethlehem, Pa.

The price is twenty cents the copy and 1 year is \$1.50.

The names of all characters used in short stories and serials are fictitious. Any similarity or identity of these names with actual names is entirely accidental.

● GOD BLESS EXAMS

Examinations were with us once again. If you are the curious kind and should ask a professor why he gives an examination, he'd say, naturally enough, "Why, to find out how much you know!"

To which our retort is "This is a hell of a time to find out!" Admitting our meager knowledge of the field of education we'd venture to say that a teacher should know at all times exactly how much his pupil knows. Otherwise how can he teach him?

Marking a student's knowledge by the point system is fine if you are in a hurry to get him through. But what about the student who learns ethics in a course of economics or psychology in an English course?

But the American system of making knowledge add up to one hundred is a solid tradition and won't be changed in a hurry. The people that do substitute another system will do anything. At the University of Chicago they tried a different system of education and the first thing you know they threw out the football team, too.

● CAWS AND EFFECT

Our man Kenneth has finally got us all the material about the Price Hall crow. There really is a crow up there. He belongs to a real estate man living down the street, but evidently the crow has found greener pastures up on the hill where men are men and he gets a lot to eat. His name is Jim, as in the liquor ads.

With a copy of MacDougall's "Interpretative Reporting" tucked underneath his arm, Kenneth plunged into the subject and found out that the hall has already been split up into two factions. There are the anti-crows and the pro-crows. The pro-crows are Jim's life. They feed him crackers and cheese and beer all day long. The anti-crows are the guys that always want to keep their bureaus clean and have to get their sleep at nights.

Jim, the little devil, has also made any number of enemies by his incorrigible kleptomania. When we were ten we used to read Thornton Burgess about a big, black crow that always carried off marbles and things like that, and nobody could ever find them until they looked inside the old tree stump. Jim must have read the same book because he has the same habits. Anything light and shiny he dotes on. He takes them out of the window and drops them later out of pure boredom. That is enough to irritate the anti-crows considerably, but Jim piles insult on injury by screaming and cawing the whole night long. Once somebody let him in at night and he slept a few fitful hours on the fire extinguisher and then started his carrying on again.

By all odds, Jim's major virtue is his rabid antipathy for the Bethlehem urchins. Kenneth tells us that he will go blocks out of his way to swoop down on some unsuspecting moppet pulling valves out of somebody's tire.

The Nine O'Clock Club

125 EAST 54TH STREET

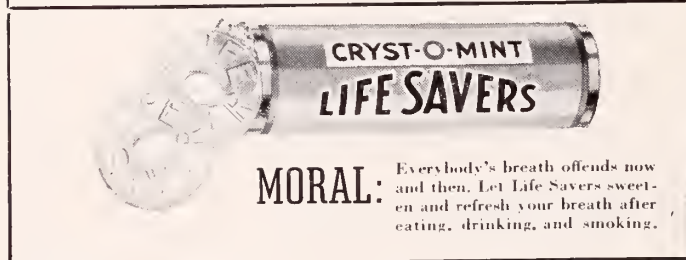
NEW YORK CITY

Rendezvous for the Younger Set

Nightly Discounts
to College Boys for the
First Five Parties
of Six or Less

Fred Armour, Manager

Continuous Music—American & Rhumba



FREE! A BOX OF LIFE SAVERS FOR THE BEST WISECRACK!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the Editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

Teacher: Now, Tommy, if your father could do a job by himself in one hour and your mother could do it by herself in an hour and a half, how long would it take them to do it together?

Tommy: About three hours, counting the time they'd spend arguing about it.

Sick of his job in Hollywood, a newspaper correspondent decided to buy a car and take a holiday. When someone asked him where he was going he replied:

"I'm going to paste a big picture of Clark Gable on the outside of the car and drive until someone asks, 'Who's that?' That's where I'm stopping."

HOW TO END UNEMPLOYMENT

Congressman Drizzle, in a recent campaign speech, bared his latest plan to end unemployment which resolves about the President's appointing an Unemployment Commission made up of ten men. Each member of the commission will then appoint another commission of ten members and so on, carrying out the chain letter formula, with everybody who has been appointed to a commission appointing a commission of his own. With this method, it won't be long before everybody in the country will be on a commission.

Everybody on every commission must then make a report. This will stimulate the paper and pulp industry as well as the ink manufacturers who can begin making black ink on a large scale again.

Every citizen will be expected to read these reports which will mean a lot of work for the printers, and a whole lot of work for the opticians. This in turn will stimulate the glass industry.

New warehouses will have to be built for the storage of these reports, so the building trade will pick up. Trucks will be needed to cart the reports to these new warehouses. Thus, not only will the truck manufacturers be busy, but there will also be a big call for truck drivers.

More truck drivers will mean more traffic cops, and more traffic cops will mean more crowded traffic courts, and a consequent appointment of additional judges. Additional appointments of judges mean prosperity for politicians. Prosperity for politicians means more work for bank clerks and an immediate cry by the "reformers" for an investigation. All the investigators will demand a "seat for every investigator in the courtrooms." This will help the furniture companies.

Congressman Drizzle admits one flaw in the plan. He hasn't yet figured out where the money for the original commission is to come from.



"In social circles he's known as one visit Selvin."

presenting
THE INTERFRATERNITY BALL
with
GLEN GRAY
and his
CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA



Glen Gray comes to Lehigh directly from the Palmer House in Chicago and is considered by many to be the foremost band in the country today —

**TICKETS ON SALE AT THE
SUPPLY BUREAU AND DROWN HALL**

February 10, 1940

EMPIRE AUDITORIUM

TEN TO THREE — FORMAL



Solitude . . .

by John S. Curtis, Eng. '43

Popular student vote
gave this picture
first place in the
third annual show
of the Camera Club.

WHEN I walked into the cafe as they jokingly called it, I let the door hang open on its rotten hinges for a few minutes as I watched the cigarette smoke and the fumes of the stale beer billow out into the crisp freshness of the night. This is Life, I said to myself and meant it.

Inside I could hear the pounding rag-time of the juke-box and the shuffling of feet somewhere in the center of the dingy room. Cripes, I said to myself, I really feel in the mood for Life tonight. Anything can happen. And it probably will, I added jokingly. I was in a fine humor. It was probably the three quarts of Green River I had tucked underneath my belt. The warm glow of it spread to my finger tips and stayed there like a bunch of barnacles. I headed toward the bar, making sure as not to step on anyone.

A tall, sinuous looking creature suddenly got up from the booth where her escort was sleeping, besotted I suppose. Her red diaphanous dress was cut so low she used her cameo brooch to keep her belt tight. Ah-ah-ah, I breathed, here comes Life.

"Hello, big boy," she said, walking up to me. "Is that your face or have I been drinking too much?" She tried to conceal the tiny catch in her voice, but I had been too much in contact with Life to miss the Sex Drive when I heard it. But she drove right past me and put a nickel in the pistachio machine. Where did she get that nickel, I asked myself. The answer was not long in forthcoming. This is Life, it said, just as if it was in the next room.

The juke-box, or Wurlitzer, suddenly flicked off the ragtime record and played a new record by Larry Tschaikowsky. The music was smooth and sweet, bordering on corny. The room settled down quietly in front of me and spun leisurely in time with the music. I smiled approvingly and bumped my way through the couples dancing like salamanders mistaking each other for a rock.

As I sidled over to the corner where the booths were I collided with a frail thing in a diaphanous gown. She was bending down to the floor feeding a Scotty little tablets from a box labeled: Strychnine. I paused to watch her. Sixty years old if she's a day, I told myself. Yet, I said, she knows Life and can understand it far better than

The Cafe Around the Corner...

One night in a bar-room can teach you more of Life than all the sages can. A beer and woman story to end all beer and woman stories — We hope.

by Howard J. Lewis

I. "Can't you?" I said to her.

She looked up at me, her watery blue eyes popping out appealingly. "Han?" she asked. "What is it that you want, studink?"

"Never mind," I said. "We live in different worlds. Yours is reality. Mine it but an empty shell, what I mean."

She said nothing but arose and looked me straight in the eye, her fingernails digging into my arm.

"Does you mean that?" she asked me tautly.

"Yes," I said, huskily.

"That's what I thought," she answered tensely, hobbling into the dull, grey mist.

"Life's like that," I told myself, not really believing a word of it.

In one of the booths under the dim, orange light on the wall, I made out a dim, orange figure with long, black hair falling to her shoulders, some of it falling onto a nice little heap on the floor. She was beckoning to me.

I disengaged her hand from my lapel, and slid into the booth beside her, expecting God knows what. I

liked her eyes especially and they seemed to like each other. With the exception of flat watchamacallits, she had a gorgeous figure. But her nose was thin and crooked and her mouth was not lovely. There was that certain scared look in her eyes that had drawn me over to her. She had that agonized expression on her face like a little boy about to be run over.

As I sat there thinking of some earthy thing to say, a broad-shouldered, stupid looking man got up from the other side of the table, slipped a five dollar bill in my hand and ran off into the mist. I smiled. I have won the first test with Life, I told myself unconvincingly.

The girl sat with eyes lowered looking at the menu.

"What will it be?" I asked heartily.

"Ham and egg sandwich," she said, and then added with a catch in her voice, "Plenty of catsup."

"He is a ham, isn't he?" I said, noting the implication.

She blushed, and choked on her beer.

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Out of Time — Out of Mind

YOU can say that I am crazy if you wish—everyone else seems to think so—but I swear I am telling the truth. It was three minutes before four when I entered Professor Benton's laboratory on the day of his accident or whatever you prefer to call it. I remember the time because my physical chemistry report was due at four—you know Professor Benton was a stickler for punctuality. I knew he wouldn't accept it after four so I had hurried to his laboratory. He was funny about things like that—I remember how he used to say in class that Time was nature's most important factor.

I suppose I entered his room with almost an air of triumph, because my report was on time. He was working on something in the corner of the room and didn't appear to hear me enter. I had to cough and shuffle around a bit to attract his attention, and when he finally turned he seemed rather annoyed at the interruption.

"Yes, yes, just leave it on my desk," he snapped, irascibly I thought. He looked rather strange—almost crazy, twisted, mousy, pinched features, eyes burning with a light I had never seen before. I hesitated an instant then laid my report on his desk and had turned to leave the room when he called me back.

"See here," he said, "I have a task for you to do." His voice had taken on a note of authority that I am sure it never had in the class room—authority that was further emphasized by a pistol which he leveled at me—his eyes glaring over the sights.

He gestured with the gun towards

A lesson to all professors and people who read stories about Time Machines.

by Edwin Klein

a heavy oak chair, equipped with heavy, leather straps, which was securely anchored to the floor. He indicated that I should seat myself in the chair. With a few swift motions the Professor had me securely strapped into position. Then he stepped back from the chair and leered at me with a diabolic grin that drew his thin lips over yellow teeth.

"My colleagues all think I'm quite mad, you know," he remarked as he prepared a hypodermic syringe, filling it with a dark, viscous liquid. "That's why I was forced to secure your assistance by such high handed methods. —You aren't one of my best pupils, but I think you are sufficiently apt to serve my purpose admirably."

In the next few minutes he had explained a lot about isotopic quasi-elements that emanated strange rays cutting chords across the arc of time and how the human mind could travel

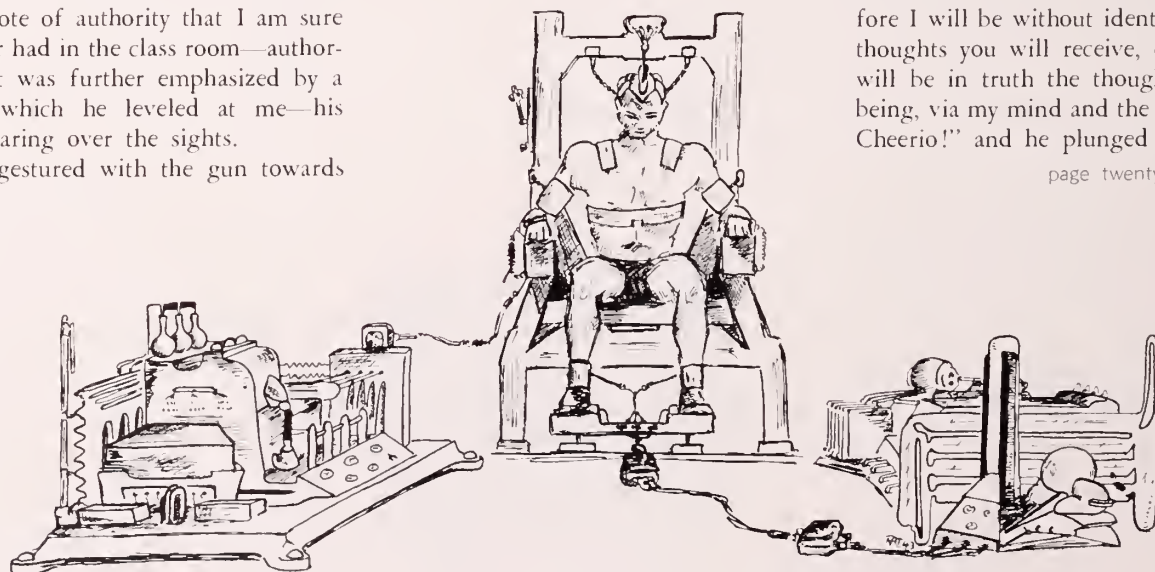
along the chord as an electrical impulse travels along a wire. I didn't even pretend to understand most of what he said. He showed me a mass of complicated equipment that had been hidden behind a screen. Its aluminum and copper parts glinted evilly in the light of the mercury vapor lamps illuminating the room. He explained that it was the element disintegrator that was to liberate the time-crossing rays.

"And so you see I have conquered Time. And you, willing or nay, shall assist me in the crucial test, for I intend to transport my mind a billion years in the future."

He bared my arm to insert the hypodermic needle. I lunged violently against the straps that bound me. I started to scream for help.

"No need for that," snapped Benton impatiently. "The college was so kind as to make this room sound-proof so that my experimenting would not disturb the rest of the faculty. You will find this drug harmless enough. Just a scopalmine derivative that will serve to numb your conscious mind and leave you abnormally receptive to my thoughts which I shall endeavor to transmit over a billion years of time. As I explained my mind must be detached from my material self to make the journey and must merge with the first intelligent being I encounter on the time beam. Therefore I will be without identity and the thoughts you will receive, dear pupil, will be in truth the thoughts of that being, via my mind and the time beam. Cheerio!" and he plunged the needle

page twenty-one please



LOCAL BOY..

It's Not All Beer and Skittles

For Lehigh's "Forgotten Man"

by Zenon Nowicki

PROBABLY every man at Lehigh, fraternity or not, has his own social problem. It used to be the custom to hang out a wreath for every man who didn't make a fraternity. Then they started the Interdormitory Council and the boys elected their section leaders and there was an organization going in no time at all. The boys who room in town started the Town council last year and found themselves in the cherished position of holding the balance of power. Boys that roomed near each other became more friendly and a new community was started.

That takes care of all but eight per cent of the total enrollment at Lehigh, the small group who go to their own home every night alone. They have their own unique set of problems that make the uneasiness of a fraternity or a dorm man minor by comparison.

Let's take Joe Fifteenth Avenue, C. E. '40, for example, who has joined but one society, his course society; attended but one pep rally in four years; and witnessed only two football games. He has to help afternoons and early evenings in his father's store.

There is John Easton Pike, Arts '40, who has yet to loaf an evening with the boys at any of the downtown or under-the-bridge hangouts. He'd like that sort of thing, too, and he'd mix well if given the chance. But his parents set the evening study periods . . . and that's that.

And there is Harry East Fourth Street, Bus. '42, who plays a strong trumpet and even sings a pleasant baritone, but has yet to do so on campus. His father says rehearsals take too much time—but oddly enough, Harry never fails to do his stuff in the Sunday School orchestra and the church choir, on Sunday and on rehearsal nights as well.

Isolated cases these, you say, and ex-

ceptional to the extreme? Perhaps unusual, one replies, but typical in that they at least hint at portions of the town student's story.

For the town man cannot, in the majority of cases, hope to compete on equal terms with the average student in extra-curricular activities, nor share on an even basis in the social life of the campus. True, he is given equality of opportunity by the university, but he has not equality of freedom to accept the privileges offered him.

Much of this can be explained by the very presence of a town man in a university so close to his home. Many parents realize that college-life-on-his-own will make a better man of their son, and they hesitate before sending him to college under conditions which will parallel his high school career. Nevertheless, money is a major factor and Bethlehem parents are wise to give in when Lehigh beckons with its excellent educational facilities. This is especially true when it's either Lehigh or nothing, as it is in some instances.

And in cases where money is not the feature distraction, there are other reasons for choice of the home town campus: The boy wants to go to Lehigh; he's had his heart set on it for years. Dad is an alumnus and wants his son to be too. Mother can't bear to have Tommy away over night. The Girl-Around-the-Corner has her fingers in George's hair and he likes them there.

Whatever the reason—you know the complications that may prevail—the result is that 150 Lehigh students are Bethlehem men with limitations of one sort or another on their campus careers.

College is a full-time job but it generally forms only half of a town-man's double existence. He still has all the responsibilities that the boarding student has left behind him. There are

cars to wash, furnace fires to fix, errands to run, Boy Scout meetings to supervise, Sunday schools to teach and other diversified tasks which naturally confront active young men in their home communities.

A Bethlehem student must make a special effort to fit irregular events into his budget of time without failing his obligations to other duties. Not a few fellows I know have thus far been unable to attend any of the events in the Concert Lecture series simply because the lecture plus the time consumed in walking from and back to Tenth or Eleventh Avenue would make that evening a total loss for studying and overdraw the quota of nights off that can be afforded.

Naturally most "townies" would like to attend more meetings and pep rallies, but if they can't make it, there is little justification for classing them with those who put cool spirits before school spirit and who could get to rallies just as easily as to "Joe's" by simply stepping from their respective abodes and letting gravity guide them to their goal.

Even if a town-man has not, as is infrequently the case, a full burden of local obligations and family duties, he is handicapped by his distance from the campus and everything that happens on it. He also lacks the invaluable guidance and helpful influence of fraternity brothers, senior roommates and campus politics in his striving for positions of importance in extra-curricular groups. Take the freshman who lives on a street bordering Hellertown: how can he help but miss those thousands of odd pieces which go to make up a college background, if he misses the spontaneous bull sessions which last all hours. Even for scheduled affairs he must leave time for a half hour enroute (both ways) to the campus by bus.

The remedy for this situation cannot be found in the Town Group's political organization, or in the lounge of Drown Hall, or in the reading room of the Library, or in any of the restaurants and lunch wagons near the campus. There just isn't any remedy. Loss of all those cultural, social and spiritual intangibles of college-life-in-the-full is merely an inevitable tie-in to living at home.

WE WENT TO WAR

The second of a series of two articles dealing with Lehigh's participation in the events leading up to World War I.

The second and last installment, containing letters from the front. Lehigh's reaction to the call for men.

As the year of 1916 neared its disreputable end, reports were beginning to drift in from the front in France. They had the curious touches of horror and idealist obstinacy. It is hard for us to understand, perhaps, the extent to which these men were drilled mentally as well as physically. A news story on a speech by Lieutenant D. H. McGibeny in the *Brown and White* of December 12, 1916 contains the paradoxical study of man's attitude toward war:

"The speaker related that the patriotism and bravery of these men could hardly be expressed in fitting words. The only time the men become downcast is during a heavy fire when many of their comrades lie about dying, or when they have been surrounded with no assurance other than certain death. This leads to violent insanity, which has caused a large percentage of the deaths in this great struggle."

And on the fifteenth day of December, 1916, the *Brown and White* reprinted a letter that might have been lifted from a Hemingway story. Carroll Weatherly '14, enlisted with the Canadian forces in October, 1914, and was wounded at the front. This in his letter, written to his mother:

"Well, as soon as 'Fritz' had been driven out, his artillery again opened fire, preparing a way for a counter attack. For three days he kept it up, and so fierce was it that we could not have a thing to eat or drink brought to us. We were rather

lucky the second day in finding two boxes of sardines on a dead German who was in this trench. Being surrounded by the dead was one of the worst features, as some of the dead had been in the trenches eight days. The only spot we could lie down in was a hole the Germans had dug out of the side of the trench, but in this hole was a 'Fritz' who had been wounded in the abdomen and had crawled in there and died. But there was nothing for us to do but push him back and crawl in beside him. . .

"Three days this kept up, and for three days more we had to hold the position, then within half an hour before we were to be relieved a shell dropped right into our trench. One of my companions was killed and I was unable to give him any help at all. How I escaped with only a fractured leg and a wound in the back, I can't see. . . It took the relief force three hours to find us and dig me out.

"Really did have a wonderful experience in France, and as I look at it now, I would not take anything for it. I think the great sympathy for the Belgians is a little bit misplaced, as they certainly are the most arrogant, selfish, and worthless class of people I ever had the misfortune of being associated with."

The *Brown and White* of December 19 carried the followup of Weatherly's story, containing this interesting commentary:

"I reached one of the hundreds of hospitals. This special one was a wonderful chateau and my bed was in the ballroom. . . Arrived late at night and was immediately given a bath and put in a real bed. You can't imagine how wonderful this

was, as it was the first time I had been in a bed since February, and I only had five baths in six months."

When 1917 was poking its head into the grim present, Dr. Drinker was addressing the student body on the many-virtued preparedness. For him it was still a preparedness for peace. But it was still a different kind of preparedness than the Plattsburg idea.

"Lehigh now has her chance to do a patriotic service. . . now that Congress is considering a bill for Universal military training, it is up to Lehigh to do her part in defending it. We are to get ready now, not for war, but for peace. I believe that Military training for our country will not promote war, but peace. . .

"It has been suggested that Lehigh send a delegation of men with Harvard, Princeton, Yale, and other colleges, to Washington, to show the lawmakers that the students of America are not cowards and believe in Universal preparedness for their country."

W. E. Lewis, '15, recently returned from service on the Mexican border, spoke more in the spirit of the day, forthright and straight from the soldier:

"I want to persuade you to do something. Every one of you has good American blood in his veins but it needs to be stirred up. The legislators think we are cowards and it is up to us to show them we are not."

Obviously, this new idea of universal military training was quite a stride from the weaker Plattsburg idea. Once the step was made, however, President Drinker was campaigning for it hammer and tongs. The war spirit at Lehigh became a decided reality. Lehigh students were singing "Tipperary" and

the Burr was running cartoons spitting at LaFollette and barking at the Kaiser.

Dr. Drinker was on the march.

"As you know, Lehigh was one of the first institutions of higher learning to respond affirmatively and enthusiastically in the spring of 1913 to General Leonard Wood's call. . . to support the War Department's move in establishing summer camps for military training. . .

"With this record it was natural that we should be asked to aid in the effort to show that our American student body will stand ready to cooperate in any reasonable and proper scheme developed for the country's self-defense. There are always men who are ready to say, Let George do it. That is not Lehigh's way, and when a limited showing of students,—mostly drawn from New York's east side, went recently to Washington and testified before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs that the youth of our country were and would be opposed to universal military training of our youth—the alumni of our great institutions at once moved to take effective steps to negative such an imputation. . ."

Students were willing to come face to face with the possibility of America's entrance into the World War and a few of them were demanding military training. Among the letters to the *Brown and White*:

"Most of them (the students) know very little about guns or army tactics or terms. How can they be expected to make good soldiers, with any speed, in case of necessity?

"This country faces a crisis which might result in a call for men especially those who have some idea of military matters, and it is the duty of the authorities of this university, who have encouraged this sentiment, to see that they continue what has been started."

Editorials in the early months of 1917 indicated clearly enough, that, to all intents and good purposes, Lehigh was already in the war. The editorial ran:

"In these times when talk of Americanism and patriotism occupy the attention of men, when loyalty

to country may soon undergo a test. . . ."

Notes (from the same issue of the above editorial):

"H. F. W. Johnson, '17, H. B. Doyle, '19, and T. F. Butz, '18, sailed last Monday. . . for Bordeaux, France, where they will join the American Ambulance Corps. According to schedule, the steamer should be entering the submarine zone today."

By March 27, 1917, the tense *Brown and White* was a good deal closer to war than was the United States Congress.

"Aroused by the feeling that, in the near future, a state of war may exist between this country and a foreign power, the college man is trying to place himself in a position of usefulness. . ."

Massing its editorial strength the *Brown and White* campaigned on both the first and second pages. News stories ran excitedly:

"The latest effect of the war seen at Lehigh is the recent agitation caused by several of the undergraduates leaving to join the different ambulance corps on the European front. The agitation has grown to such proportions that last Sunday a meeting was called, in Drown Hall, for all men who are interested in ambulance work in Europe or who are thinking of joining the work over there.

"About twenty men answered the call, and although no decisive steps were taken, the names of those present were taken for future reference. Editorials:

The flag which now graces the University Chapel means more than a visible display of patriotism. Service to the country it symbolizes. The nation's emblem has waved in victory and defeat while men willingly placed upon the altar of national service their lives. It typifies the life blood of a nation willingly sacrificed as an offering that the country might come forth stronger and nobler. . .

The nation is at the very edge of an abyss and into the turmoil of its war may at any time be thrown. At these times the talk of patriotism and loud cries for the flag, though frequent are not the tests of service. Preparedness now is more real than ever, and that means something, more vital than resolution, must come to the front."

Sporadic rebellions on other campuses had no counterparts on Lehigh's unanimous student body. The *Brown and White* gave short shrift to a still-born insurrection at Harvard to retain American Neutrality. Repressing a giggle it printed the tragic story of the "Harvard Union for American Neutrality":

"During the enrollment of the over, please



THE GENERAL ALARM

From the "Burr"; October, 1917

Reserve Officer's Training Corps at Harvard University a small band of undergraduates organized the 'Harvard Union for American Neutrality' and placarded college buildings and shop windows in the vicinity of Harvard Square with declarations of their beliefs. The placards read as follows:

The Harvard Union For American Neutrality Believes That:

1. War need not follow the break with Germany.
2. War with Germany cannot establish neutral's rights.
3. Retaliation is not the highest form of honor.
4. Democracy demands a referendum before war.

Posted as conspicuously as the first declaration and printed in yellow ink appeared the ironic counterplatform of the "Harvard Union For American Nincompoops". It read:

The Harvard Union for American Nincompoops Believes That:

1. This country should invite the Kaiser to annex it.
2. The best way to aid the cause of neutrality is by bending the knees and not arching the back.
3. It is unladylike to stand up for our rights.
4. Demoralization demands that we should not bear arms."

On April 3, 1917, a few days before this country entered the World War I, Lehigh was favored with a speech by Mr. Emory Pottle, of the American Ambulance Corps. Mr. Pottle also wrote poetry.

"Do you realize, few do, that to-day we are face to face with another colossal piece of altruism such as the world has never dreamed of, and the most beautiful. . . The American Ambassador to England said, in substance, the other day to a friend of mine, I cannot believe that England has grasped the extraordinary significance of the fact of these men. The story of the nations have never before recorded so luminous, so amazing a spectacle as that of these thousands who neither for money or for price, without thought of fame, have left their

homes and occupations, crossed a vast sea and, for an ideal, an ideal under a foreign flag, are fighting in a foreign nation's battles. Fighting that right may win! Civilization heretofore has produced nothing like this. And still we stand by and wonder whether or not we shall send a fighting legion over to France.

I believe the cause of the Allies to be a just and an honorable cause. Nay, more, I believe that the moral issues involved there are our moral issues. Call me an idealist if you like. I am an idealist. I believe in national ideals. I believe in a country's honor, in justice, in free-men's rights. For the little that this life of mine is worth, I'd give it gladly for my country if, in so giving, the rights of free men and women might be kept clean and free.

"I conceive it the duty of these United States to enter upon this war—enter prayerfully and powerfully—that peace may ultimately come back into this world, that this land we love, solidly united, militarily prepared, may be well equipped when war is over to take her just part in defending Right and Honor whenever they are menaced in the future."

Upon our signing the declaration of war, the Brown and White was cheerful about the number of men who were signing up for the voluntary course in military training.

"While Lehigh has not stopped classes or turned the university over as a training camp yet an increasing number of men have found time to take an hour and a half out each afternoon for the purpose of learning something concerning military drill and discipline.

"Anyone who comes out is excused from no classes and receives no scholastic credit of any sort but does so simply on his own initiative.

"As yet no guns for drill have been obtained, but even with the gym sticks, decided progress has been made."

But May 4 saw the newspaper despondent again. Lehigh men were not taking to this war proposition any too well:

"Despite the fact that the work in military training is progressing satisfactorily, the attendance continues to be poor. Of the eight hundred men in college only seventy regularly report for training, and last Wednesday afternoon the number fell to thirty men.

Another burst of editorials:

" . . . Our Country has been unwilling to longer attempt to remain neutral between right and wrong, sacrificing her isolation, her money and her men in the cause of a greater freedom for mankind.

Then the first news story, May 18, 1917:

MANY LEHIGH MEN SERVING COUNTRY

University Students Enlist In All
Branches of the Nation's
Service

OFFICER'S CORPS POPULAR

Every Living Group And Every Class
Represented By One
or More

By this time some thirteen per cent of the student body had enrolled in the fighting forces, compared with twenty-five per cent from Princeton. Under the lead of President Drinker, the Brown and White and members of the faculty now warned the students not to be too hasty in joining the infantry or the artillery. They were repeatedly advised to find that branch of the service in which they could do most good for the country, or, best of all, to stay in school, if it was at all possible. Unceasing efforts were made to keep the Lehigh boys at home.

The issue of October 5, 1917, carried the unimportant note that "Two professors at Columbia University were requested to resign this year because of their markedly pacifistic tendencies."

The horrors of war hit the university hardest, though, in the fall of 1917, when the annual Lafayette bonfire was cancelled in order to set an example to the nation to conserve fuel.

Any resemblance to my person living or dead is just your guilty conscience and who are you to feel so important, anyway?

Frown and Bite

SEE OUR AD
ON
LAST PAGE
LAFAYETTE
COLLEGE

Vol. I—No. 3

XMAS CITY, THIS MONTH

Price—One

Does Not Speak About 'Gators Or Their Habits

Santa Claus Praised For Good
Work Over Xmas

Plotters Seized

The president made no mention of alligators in his recent address before the Hohocus Ladies' Missionary League and Temperance Union. He said nothing concerning the tropical habits of these beasts nor their influence on the Great Battles of History nor did he discuss their commercial application.

"There is no reason to dodge the issue," he said in his most telling statement. "this is a day of wonderful things. The wheel, the axle, and the electric shaver all foretell the dawn of a new way and new worlds to conquer. Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party and together we will go marching down the broad highway that leads to tomorrow, singing and counting our pennies."

The speech was followed by a delicious snack of cold Vienna sausage sandwiches prepared by the Ladies League. The president's speech was a condensed version of his talk "Fifteen Alligators Versus Fifteen Famous Battles" which he is delivering in a series of one night stands up and down the Valley. Smart money is on the 'gators.

Notice on News

News from warring countries and Lehigh University is subject to censorship, and we mean it. It may sometimes be misleading if not worse. It is the students' duty to doubt everything they read in the paper and trust only the wildest of rumors.

NO ALLIGATOR. HE



This foottoo shows prexy not lecturing on alligators. The object in his right hand may be recognized as a moment diagram. This is the point in the speech when the small man in the green coat appears at the rear of the auditorium and starts handing out tiny American flags to the kiddies. (Belly Brass by courtesy of Chem department.)

Galbraith Says Thursdays Are

Fine Thing and We Will Have
Lots More of Them Too

The first week after spring vacation will consist entirely of Thursdays, it was announced by Fred E. Galbraith, president of Arcadia, today. "Due to the unusual success which accompanied the recent experiment of having two Thursdays in a row, we are having a double-star repeat performance," he announced. "Thursdays are a fine thing," he stated, "and besides, I don't have any classes on Thursdays."

He also announced that the Arcadia committee in charge of school spirit reported said spirit at its usually low level. "In a recent poll," Fred said, "no freshman questioned could sing all the verses of 'Bell Bottomed Trousers' and three of them stupidly gave the name of some 'Asa Packer' as the founder of the university. I don't know what the school is coming too."

Health Service Says That No Epidemic Exists

"Use No Hooks." Says Health
Service in New Statement

Reds Bomb Helsinki

"There is no epidemic and no danger of one," the health service announced today. The director announced that six men with colds had reported to him, four with broken backs, and one man with the hives. They had all been given six minutes of infra-red and three of ultra-violet and discharged as cured. It was stated that the wide-spread belief in a wide-spread epidemic was only a wide-spread rumor.

St. Luke's Hospital records showed that 976 students had been admitted within the last three days, 900 suffering from the screaming demons, 70 having the pippe, and 5 with the D. T.'s. One man was simply listed as "vanished."

The health service was unable to explain this disparity in figures, only making the statement that, "The hospital is over-excited about this matter."

The director advised that students conduct themselves carefully during this non-epidemic. "Stay out of crowds, but don't cut classes." "The water is pure and wholesome but don't drink any unless you boil it." "Blow your nose." He also advised students to wear rubbers. "This is good advice under any condition," he said.

Flash!

Usually reliable sources reported today that a speech was to be made at a local high school tomorrow. Students are invited. The speaker's name was unavailable. His topic was to be "Life is an Honor System."

Frown and Bite

Front ManFreddie
 COMPLAINTS AND BITCHES
 Chief Trouble MakerDonnie
 KEEP YOUR NEWS CLEAN
 BossLet Fred do it.
 BUY A PAPER, MISTER?
 AdsThe Walking \$
 PapersBurn 'em!
 FACULTY BUTTINSKIES

Censored

Choosday, January, 1939

Immoral

We view with alarm the immoral attitude of the dogs on the campus. Their actions are to say the least, ill timed, and to say the most, in poor taste. At a time when the morals of the world, nay the universe, are tumbling about our ears it is the duty of college men to set the example and show the light to our four footed friends.

It may be argued in their behalf that they know not what they do. But that is no argument. Man thinks, man acts. man communicates, man is acted upon and furthermore, so do dogs. So therefore it is obvious that dogs are as responsible for their actions as men are.

We therefore call upon all dogs to cease and desist in their immoral practices before they take our campus from us. To recapitulate, their practices are immoral, obscene, and in poor taste. We say, "Stop!"

ASU Exposed

Ha!

We knew it all the time. That awful A.S.U. thing. Red it was. All Red and furthermore, Moscow monied. We knew it last year when that petition was being slipped from comrade to comrade. But we didn't say anything, not us. We waited.

And now. Now you see. The New York Times hops on them so we'll hop on them too. Yahh, damn Reds. Run them all out of the country. Like Russia so much, wadda ya come to Lehigh for anyway?

Boy, it's just lucky the Committee on Student Activities was right on its toes last year and didn't get taken in or Lehigh would have been overrun with bombs and red flags and things. Wish there was a Red handy right now. We could pop him one just for luck then.

We may guess late but you can't catch us with any twist talk. Damn Reds Killemall!

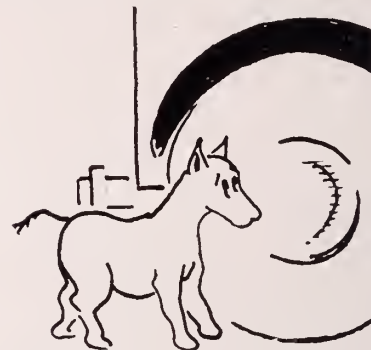
Bad News

Spring is here. Now is the time when the birds sing and all is merry, for spring is here. In the spring, as Sir Jeffery said, a young man's fancy turns. We may assume that it turns much in the way that sour milk turns but that is neither here nor there. Let us start a new paragraph.

The cut system must go. And with it must go the cuts. Did you ever think how dangerous it is to walk on the campus alone or in the dark while that cut system continues in force? Think of it.

Help the Red Cross.

Campus Camera



At Lehigh Univ. the dogs on the campus outnumber the students 239 to one. The large number of trees in the famous Sayre Park arboretum is believed to be a contributing factor.

Lafayette College

Why waste your time at Lehigh?

You are still young, do not despair. Lehigh has not blighted you forever. You can still save yourself. Act now.

Lafayette College offers you a REAL education in a REAL town. Don't miss this offer. Cast off your shackles and arise. Come to Lafayette.

OUR FOOTBALL TEAM WON A GAME.

OUR CUT SYSTEM IS SIMPLE.

NEW JERSEY BARS ARE NEAR-BY AND OPEN ON SUNDAY.

Your credits will be accepted at only 50% discount at Lafayette College. Your past will be forgiven. The mistake of your youth will not be held against you.

Come To Lafayette

(where there is wine, women, and song.)

The Executive Council of the Rag wishes to take this opportunity to announce that they will never again print any letters regarding the Cafeteria or even any criticism of anybody, anytime.

Brown Bombers Beat Weavers A. Cox Shines

Tankmen Go South for Tan and
To Check on Babes In
Lauderdale

Drink Beer For Health

Led by Captain Alfred Thomas Cox, C.E. '40, Lehigh fought to a hard earned victory over Lowell Textile Saturday afternoon. The four hundred and fifty-six touchdowns which the Big Brown Bombers rolled up were made by Cox. All points after touchdown were kicked by Al Cox.

The longest pass of the game was Cox to Cox with Cox running interference. Between halves, Cox, in the absence of the head cheerleader, led the University Yell. The band played heartily under the able leadership of A. T. Cox.

The soccer team was also victorious in its clash on Steel Field with Podunk Teachers on the same afternoon. Alf Cox headed the squad and made all goals.

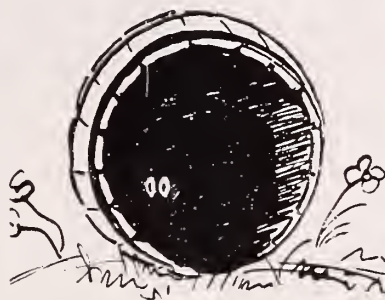
Agateers Bow to Marshall In Close Fought Match

Lehigh Agateers travelled away from home last week and were badly trounced by the John Marshall Knucklers in a close-fought match. Led by their sterling Captain Fittkau, the team played knuckles-down marbles but lost out because of the roughness of the strange playing field.

At the crucial moment Fittkau, playing mibsey, split his best shooter and was forced to use a replacement which destroyed the caliber of his game. The opposing team was well led by Snerd whose ability with corner locations left the spectators gasping.

Next week's game with Dorney High is expected to be thrilling and Fittkau says the team is all set to go to town and clean up the boys. So far the team has turned in the remarkable record of one win out of 18 starts, 5 to place, 2 to show, track fast, off at 2:58.

ROOTER FOUND



This shows the Lehigh Rooter hiding in his barrel and looking out at the world with great big fear-struck eyes. Investigators were unable to persuade him to come out of his dark hovel although he said he might be out next week if the weather proved to be clear.

Find Rooter In Old Barrel

Reported to Be Only One Still Living Who can Recall Victories

After a long search, FBI men reported to the department of Athletics that they had located one loyal Lehigh rooter. A photographer and a reporter accompanied the G-men to the rooter's lair and the above foto was taken and the below interview recorded.

He was hiding at the back of a large barrel in an open lot in a deserted section of the city. He refused to be quoted saying that he feared for his life if anyone discovered him in his hide-out. "After all," he jittered, "this is heresy."

When asked what he thought of Lehigh's prospects for next year he refused to answer. He did say that the chess and checker team was on the way up and that with a few breaks he expected to see them cop the pennant in twelve or fourteen years.

He said he had no reasons for his strange loyalty to Lehigh and claimed that the only reason he could think of was that his mother was scared by a steam-shovel just before he was born but what that had to do with it was more than he could explain.

"Don't Exercise" Says Man In Exclusive Story

"Keep Off the Grass" To Be
Motto of New Society
Recently Formed

Player Nets 13 Points

"Exercise is the bunk," he said in an exclusive interview today. "Never run when you can walk, never walk when you can stand, never stand when you can sit down, never sit down when you can lie down, never stay awake when you can go to sleep." As he said this he handed out twelve more gold medals for Free Hand Vaulting, Basketball Shooting, and Spin the Bottling.

"All this gurry and equipment," he went on, waving his hand around the gym in an all-encompassing gesture, "might as well be burned for heat. Rest is what the boys need, rest. They're out all night beering, they ought to stay home all day and sleep. Gym credits is silly."

At the same meeting of the board of trustees it was decided to invite representatives of the CIO to come to the campus to organize a professors' union. "We must remember," said one unnamed trustee, "that professors have rights too, and the only way we can see that they are protected is by seeing that they are organized. The CIO is a fine, noble group. We like them, we approve of them, we think they're fine, we love them, we wish them well, and we're glad to cooperate with them."

Searchers Abandon Hope

Hope has been officially abandoned for the group of three students who have been lost in the stacks of the library since Friday. The searchers have combed the area but admit that there are vast regions where no white man has penetrated. The leader of the search, J. Branch, said that if the students were in any of the regions where the natives hold sway there is no chance of ever seeing them alive again.

A friendly graduate student, who speaks English, said that he had heard that the students had been captured by cannibals in the 913.21 region in which case the jig is up.

Glen Gray Is Among Oldest Original Bands

Casa Loma Orchestra One Of
Longest Unadulterated
Musical Groups

Named After Casa Loma

By Glen Gray Jr.

Oh, Boy, is there going to be one swell band at The Interfraternity Ball, oh, boy. What I mean, that orchestra is going to be one swell band and I don't mean perhaps. Sometimes I think that there isn't any band any better and Lehigh is just too terribly lucky to get such a swell band for The Interfraternity Ball.

Now I don't want you people to think that I'm just copying down what this band's press agent sent us because I think that not only is this among the oldest original bands and not only is the band named after a hotel but the orchestra is one of the longest unaltered musical groups. Besides this the band is good. If you like hot bands, it's hot. If you like sweet bands, it's sugar. And besides all that, it's nourishing.

All you fellows go right out now and buy a million tickets to the dance because this is one thing you can't afford to miss no matter how we cut the price, (and don't think we're giving the dance this big build-up just to get an ad out of them because we don't do things that way.)

We get the cash on the line first.

Oh, Boy, What A Band for The Interfraternity Ball, oh boy.

Librarian Chooses Ten Tomes For Torrid Trip

"Books, books, what do you mean?" queried the librarian when queried as to what ten books he would take with him if he were to be marooned on a desert island with no women for an indefinite length of time. "Nobody's going to maroon me," he muttered, scuttling off into the stacks. When cornered and queried, he replied by ticking off the following ten tomes in tremulous tones. "The Boston Cooking School Cook Book, The Freshman Handbook for 1933, The Lehigh Review, The Final Issue of the Lehigh Burr, and Down in the Lehigh Valley."

With This Issue the

Frown and Bite Suspends publication again and I'll bet you're glad. This time I really will retire into seclusion because although I had nothing to do with the writing of this thing it still makes me tired.

Asa Packer

Educator Writes On Study Habits

Gives Dope on How to Snag An
All A Average Without
Work

At the request of the editors a prominent educator who wishes to remain anonymous ("I want to see what it feels like to be one of them anonymous things," he said) has prepared for the readers of the Frown and Bite an outline on how to study. It is printed below.

A close study of prevailing conditions at most American universities has revealed the rather surprising fact that some students flunk courses. Most college professors and administrators agree that this conditions is the fault of neither the administration of the college nor the teaching staff but is due in a high degree to the students' inability to pass the courses. It is with this in mind that his brief discussion of study-habits, their care and feeding, was composed.

In a great many cases a great many students have improved their grades a great deal by learning and applying correct study habits to their studying. I know of only one such case. I shall name it. Its name is Joe.

Joe Doaks was a flunking student at Lehigh University. Then he took the "How to Study?" course. He passed a course. His being the son of the head of the department had nothing to do with it. We can see from this example, just how valuable Study-Habits are.

When told that his list did not total up to ten he replied that he didn't know the titles of any others. "How about some modern books," he was asked, at which point he disappeared in a puff of smoke leaving a faint odor of burning brimstone in the air.

Some Graduates Get Positions And Decent Pay

Trustees Buy Grass Seed

Chem Department Increases
Department Deductions For
Use Of Parking Area

"The class of 1939 is one hundred per cent placed," the Placement service announced recently. "This is the sort of thing we all like to see," the director stated, "and some of the fellows are even getting paid for their work."

This record compares favorably with Penn State's record of 200% placement and is claimed to be due to the upsurge of business brought about by the Roosevelt lend-lease program. When questioned about this program the dean of business stated that in his opinion it was a fine thing and just what the country needed. "A kick in the — like that will send this country far on the road to the normality of boom times," he said.

The Chem department, when questioned on the normality of boom times, reported that they were not sure but would look it up and check back. The usual Chem department percentage for breakage and unreturnable equipment would be deducted from the check before it could be returned, they said, hiding their heads in a beaker so as not to hear the anguished screams of the bereaved parents.

Student Leaves College After Third Cut Notice

An unconfirmed report had it today that some uninformed student, upon receiving a special delivery letter from the dean regarding his cuts, had taken the letter at its face value and had left school. Authorities were outraged at his action.

"Outrageous," one high official was reported to have said, "We don't mean for true more than half of what we say in that cut correspondence. After all, we can't afford to. \$400. is \$400., inflation or no inflation. We can't go throwing students out just for cuts."



by Stan Gilinsky '40

COLUMBIA records have adopted a policy similar to Victor in specially designating the Jazz "classics". These records are listed as *Jazz Masterworks* and a glance at the first recordings released is more than thrilling. Benny Goodman tops the list with the sextet in *Soft Winds*; *Memories Of You*. *Seven Come Eleven*; *Shivers*, and the full band's *Honeysuckle Rose*; *Spring Song*. *Seven* is the most spectacular featuring rhythm work and Hampton and Christian "stuff". The full band recording plays versatility with a fine exhibition of the new found Goodman power in parts of *Rose*. For uniqueness Duke Ellington and Jimmy Blanton join in excellent improvisations scored for piano and bass with *Blues*; *Plucked Again*. Count Basie marks his rise from Vocalion to Columbia with *I Left My Baby*; *Riff Interlude*. *Hollywood Jump*; *Someday Sweetheart*, and as usual the rhythm section and Les Young come off with the honors. Harry James's *Concerto For Trumpet*; *I'm In The Market For You*, Gene Krupa's *Drummin' Man* and Jack Teagarden's *Beale Street Blues* round out the "holiday of jive".

Still in the Jazz vein an orchid goes to the Bluebird recording by Coleman Hawkins of *Body and Soul*; *Fine Dinner*. The Hawk really leaves the flock behind with this one. With tearful eyes the Dixieland fans greeted the news that Muggsy Spanier dissolved his band for the "lack of appreciation". We joined them after listening to *If You Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate*; *Dippermouth Blues*, and *Relaxin' At The Touro*; *Riverboat Shuffle*. Charley Barnet refuses to relax with *Ogoun Badagris* (you pronounce it), *The Right Idea*, but manages to take a breath *Between 18th and 18th On Chestnut Street*; *Somebody Told Me*. Glenn Miller pops along in his

inimitable sweet with *This Changing World*; *On A Little Street In Singapore*. *Careless*; *Vagabond Dreams*. *Faithful To You*; *It's A Blue World*. (All above Bl.)

Larry Clinton continues on the comeback trail with *My Silent Mood*; *Toselli's Serenade* but Bea Wain proves he lost something with her recordings of *When Love Beckoned*; *Blue Rain*. *Dancing In The Dark*; *A Ghost Of A Chance*. (V.)

Decca deserves one of the biggest raves of the month with Bob Crosby's elegant Dixieland recording of *High Society*; *Boogie-Woogie Maxixe*. The first side is fresh out of New Orleans and the latter is as pretty as it is powerful. Some interesting records are released under the name of Adrian Rollini's band but actually they were made in the Decca studios in 1933 and the personnel includes Benny Goodman, Bunny Berigan, Jack Teagarden, and Artie Bernstein! The tunes, *Sugar*; *Riverboat Shuffle*; *Somebody Loves Me*; *Davenport Blues*. Jimmy Dorsey is sugar sweet with *My Silent Mood*; *On A Little Street In Singapore*. *Do It Again*; *Now You Know*.

The Hot Jazz department of the Varsity-Royale studios is working overtime. Outstanding is Jess Stacy along with most of Bob Crosby's gang in *Breeze* (two sides). One side is played jam style and the other slow blues with Jess and Fats Fazola shining. (Va.)

Toots Mondello follows some of his other Goodman teammates in organizing a recording unit of his own. The results are very gratifying in *Sweet Lorraine*; *Beyond The Moon*. *Louisiana*; *St. Louis Gal*. Toots' alto; some really surprising Elman trumpet, and sax intonation and phrasing are the highlights of a good pickup group. (Va.)

Start the new semester with the latest recordings . . .

35332—COLUMBIA

At the Balalaika
Drifting and Dreaming
Orin Tucker
and His Orchestra

8083—VARSITY

She Had to Go and Lose It at
the Astor
Johnny's Messin' 'Round

B-10553—BLUEBIRD

In An Old Dutch Garden
Starlit Hour
Glenn Miller
and His Orchestra

66920—DECCA

Little Red Riding Hood
Holy Smoke
Henry Busse
and His Orchestra

26437—VICTOR

Millenberg Joys (Parts 1, 2)
Tommy Dorsey
and His Orchestra

26449—Ooh! What You Said

Way Back in 1939 A.D.
Hal Kemp
and His Orchestra

PHILLIPS MUSIC STORE

24 E. Third St.

Phone 2550

UNION BANK AND TRUST COMPANY OF BETHLEHEM

STUDENTS' ACCOUNTS
SOLICITED

Member Federal Deposit
Insurance Corporation

It is easy to identify the owner of the car; he is the one who, after you pull the door shut, always opens it again and slams it harder.

—Exchange

First electrician: Have we any four volt, two watt bulbs?

Second Ditto: For what?

First: No, two.

Second: Two what?

First: Yes.

—Log

Then there was the absent-minded professor who forgot to write a four dollar book to sell to his classes.

—Exchange

A gentleman in the optical business was instructing his son in the technique of chiseling a fair and honest price out of a customer. He said: "Son, after you have fitted the glasses to a customer, and the customer asks, 'What's the charge' you should say:

" 'The charge is ten dollars.'

"Then pause and watch for the flinch.

"If the customer does NOT flinch, you say: 'That's for the frames; the lenses will be another ten dollars.'

"Then you pause again—but this time just slightly—and again you watch for the flinch.

"If the customer doesn't flinch, you say, 'Each.' "

—Pointer



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THE CAFE . . .

from page seven

"My name is Katharine," she spoke simply.

"Spelt with an 'a'?" I asked.

"Uh huh," she answered.

I knew then that she was in love with me.

"I really don't know what a nice girl like you is doing out with a boor like that," I said, trying to shield the tone of morality in my voice. My hand slid up her wrist. Her hand slid up my wrist. Before I knew what happened we were in each other's arms. My teeth chattered with emotion. My heart flopped around like a fish out of water. Neither of us said anything for about a half an hour, her fists digging into my ribs all the while. Finally Katharine broke the stillness.

"Hist!" she said, her hot breath setting my ear a-tingle, "here comes my brute of a husband!"

I prepared to do battle for my newly found love. Looming out of the darkness, came this big hulk of a fellow, looking dull and stupid as husbands always do. As I stood there, tensed and still a-tingle, this creature sidled up to me and slipped ten dollars into my hand and walked off, uttering some horrible shrieks that might have passed for laughter in his crude language.

Poor thing, I muttered to myself, this thing to which she is married is evidently insane. But that is Life, I reassured myself weakly.

Katharine turned to me, her pinched little face lit by the flare of some one's match. Some one laughed explosively in the back room and there followed a high-pitched scream of delight. In one corner of the room two students were fighting over the prostrate figure of a girl clad in a diaphanous yellow gown. Wow, I said to myself.

"You can take me home now," Katharine murmured huskily, swaying toward me.

"How about your husband?" I asked stunned.

"He let me have the car for tonight," she said simply.

I watched her as her eyelashes flicked up and down tentatively. They finally rested at a point about half way down. She had suffered: perhaps . . . but then again . . . Who knows??

Home! I repeated to myself, while the room swirled dizzily at my feet.

Bracing myself against a pillar, I watched her. Plainly, my implications had not been lost. Katharine flushed to a deep orange and looked in the general direction of the floor. What a fool I had been!

I took her arm and steered her out to the street, letting the door slam shut on the vile atmosphere within. The strains of *The Jim Jam-Jump* came tumbling out of the dive while from the opposite corner a blind street singer lifted his voice to *Mother Machree*. I dropped the fifteen dollars into his little cup, and as I left him he tipped his hat to me and walked into a news-reel theater. What a pattern of happiness and misery, I told myself bitterly, swallowing a lump in my throat which, as I remembered later, was chewing gum.

Katharine was waiting for me when I got back. She had already started her car and was tapping her foot anxiously on the accelerator. As I climbed in beside her, I noticed a long ugly ladder-like run in her stocking.

After a few minutes drive through the cold streets we drew up before a brownstone apartment house. In the dim, yellow light of the streetlamp, her face looked pinched. "Well?" I said cheerfully.

She lifted her face to mine. "Tito, you are so good to me." Her silken voice pounded into my blood. I turned away befuddled.

"Why do you turn away?" she demanded angrily, "Ain't I tasty?"

"It's not that," I said. "You are married, Katharine."

"Yes, you're right," she said. "Don't start nothing you can't finish."

She opened the door of the car and stepped out to the sidewalk. Now there were two runs in her stocking besides the mascara on her face. It was awful. I shuddered with despair. Was this really Life or had I bungled the job horribly?

I followed Katharine up to the steps. As she paused there, her hand upon the door, I suddenly saw her in the full light of what she was. Her face was pinched and yellow in the light above the door. Now there were three runs in her stocking. I ran down the street screaming. Perhaps it was the wind that made the tears come to my eyes. Who knows?? Perhaps . . . Han?

OUT OF TIME . . .

from page eight

into my arm. A pleasant lethargic feeling took command of my senses, and I drifted into unconsciousness.

* * * * *

I was in a large hall filled with a soft glowing light that seemed to come from everywhere at once. Oddly enough everything was perfectly familiar. My whole life had been spent in that room. I was Jakar, one of the Intelligents. It was good that I was an Intelligent. Many others like me occupied the room for this was the hall of the embryo Intelligents who upon reaching maturity would be absorbed by the Intellect. We were brains surrounded by soft protoplasm that transmitted all necessary impressions of sound, sight, hearing and smell during our preliminary existence. I, Jakar, had reached maturity. Soon I would lose all identity in the multi-brained Intellect which controlled Society. I had been created for that purpose. Since my conception I had been subjected to concentrated implied knowledge so that I would be prepared for my niche in the many-phased Control.

A vestige of emotion not quite removed by evolution made me feel pride in being an Intelligent rather than a Worker. Workers were necessary to perform the mechanical processes of Society, but they were sorry creatures. In the last billion years their physical characteristics had not changed appreciably. They still had trunks containing their vital organs, four appendages for purposes of locomotion and mechanical skills, a bulbous protrusion contained their sensory centers, plus sight receiving and olfactory organs, and an oral cavity by which they fed. Their minds were completely subjugated to the Intellect and all emotions detrimental to Society such as love, fear, hate, or pity had been removed so that they were perfect instruments for the Intellect.

One of the Workers entered the room to bathe me in the nutritive fluid that furnished fuel for my growth. I felt the stimulation of the liquid reach every cell. The archaic physiologies of the Workers were not adapted to this form of nourishment,

but had to absorb through their oral cavities quantities of synthetic gruel similar to the food used by the Ancients before the Age of Science.

During my bath, I felt an impulse from the Intellect. It was not the usual influx of knowledge, but a summons. The time had come for the merging with the Intellect. I felt a vague feeling of satisfaction; my preparatory existence was completed. A Worker carefully lifted me from my place and stepped into a small tube car. We sped swiftly towards the Vault of the Intellect. This was my first glimpse of life outside the Hall of the Embryos. We passed Workers preparing a new passageway from the plastic that is the basis of all our construction. This plastic can be made rigid or flexible, transparent or opaque. When completed, the plastic transmits uniformly the blue-green light that eliminates shadow and sight-sense fatigue.

We entered the Vault of the Supreme Control. A vast pulsating mass occupied the larger portion of the immense room. I was borne to my position. I was content. In a moment I would be subjected to a blast of mental energy that would forever destroy my identity and weld me into an integral part of the Intellect.

* * * * *

I fought my way back to consciousness. For a moment I sat there dazed. I tried to move but the straps held me firmly. My memory slowly returned. My head throbbed dully and I was sick from the drug. The hands of my watch stood at twelve-thirty-five. I had been in the chair for over eight hours.

I could see Professor Benton seated in a chair similar to mine. His eyes were open and he was breathing regularly. I spoke to him. He did not answer. I assumed that he had not fully recovered from the strain of the experiment. Minutes passed. I spoke again. I called louder and my voice shook for suddenly I realized the truth. I realized that the mind of the Professor who had conquered Time was sealed forever in the Intellect—a billion years in the future.

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Mozart's Symphony No. 36, in C Major (Linz), played by Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

The work fails in comparison with Mozart's later written symphonies, and yet it can stand soundly on its own merit. Written rather hastily, it shows the Haydn influence more strongly than most of his later works.

The first movement has the characteristic fragility and serenity of the early compositions of Mozart. It opens with great portent, but then the epic changes to the philosophic and introspection changes to cheerfulness.

Critics have tried to show indications of Mozart's general despondency during this period in the unusual sombreness of the second movement. Strings set a spiritual mood, horns accompanying a rising fervor, and the cellos retain the effect of supreme dignity.

The third movement is a simple and stately minuet, expressing a certain courtly dignity.

The fourth is for the most part extremely vivacious and is Mozart at his best. There is an interruption of oboes and bassoons in a melancholy theme, which is lost in the main theme once more.

•

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—Exchange

Man: "What's the matter with these eggs?"

Waitress: "I don't know. I just laid the table."

—Exchange

There was the Frosh who got so mad at his alarm clock when it failed to get him up for an 8:30 class that he slammed it down on the floor. And when an ex-cockroach rolled out on the floor, he muttered, "No wonder the thing wouldn't go. The engineer was dead."

—Pup



"Night letter, Sir."

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LOVE LETTERS

(Some letters from a high school French student to his German-studying sweetheart, and vice versa.)

Mon Cherie:

Je suis so in amour avec vous. Je think of vous in le soir et in le day. Je cannot avec-out vous live. Votre hair, votre bleu eyes, votre chic robes, are in mon mind tout le temps. If vous say non "oui," je will monself kill.

Avec l'amour,

Votre Petit Oiseaux.

Mein Kleinchen:

Ich habe your letter gegotten. Ich liebe dich also. But mein pa und mein mutter sagen that du bist ein liar. They sagen that du to alle die madchen der same thing gesagen. Ich do nicht believe them.

Ich thinken that du bist ein so gut man. Ich give du mein lieb.

Mit lieb,

Votre Liebchen.

Mon Cherie:

Votre folks do not know le truth. Tout le monde says the je suis un roue.

Mail ils do non le truth know either.

C'est vrai that je have many femme known. Mais je have them amoured seulement as petit souers.

Mais je t'aime as je never have before une femme amoured. Vous est mon ideal.

Will vous meet avec moi down a la old mill Tuesday soir at huit P. M.? Je desire to show vous combien d'amour pe have pour vous.

Avec l'amour,

Votre Petit Oiseaux.

—Voo Doo

"She isn't good looking; she's a terrible dancer; she plays bridge best when she's the dummy; her figure would please only Barnum; in fact she's a terrible mess, but she's my girl and I love her!"

"My girl isn't exactly a pauper, either."

—Pointer



"But Henry, you always used to want to ride in the front seat!"

Scene on the Campus



You owe it to your roommate to be well dressed. The Freshman with the glasses is wearing a district check tweed sports jacket in a three-button notched lapel single breasted model with patch pockets and side vents. The trousers are a dark grey flannel, and the crew-neck sweater is of a natural colored cashmere. That's a crew hat, of course!

The Junior in the center wears a double-breasted camel's hair polo coat with half belt and large patch pockets.

The Senior is wearing a thin striped double-breasted worsted.



The shirts are a candy-striped broadcloth with a striped faille tie, and a solid bamboo yellow with a brown polka dot tie.



For sports wear and warmth, woolen hose go well with crepe soled suede shoes. Left, is a sport coat of camel colored polo cloth with sleeves, pockets, and belt of capeskin leather.



You're always safe with campaign striped chain back suspenders. If you prefer a belt, grey is the latest shade.

Midnight blue, at right, is still most popular for formal wear.



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"What of it?" you cry. "The whole world was shocked. For days the newspapers talked of nothing else."

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Joe Kinney

WE WENT TO WAR

from page twelve

By 1918, the sound and the little fury quieted down and the university settled into the true wartime spirit. Dr. Lyman D. Powell of Johns-Hopkins University told the students (the 87% who were left):

"People are warned against picking small trinkets off the ground, for very often such articles are in reality small bombs. The stories of the Germans cutting off the hands of non-combatants are probably true. . . Germany has let loose a torrent of hate. In contrast America is trying to go through this war without hate. . ."

The end of the drama approaches with the fall of 1918. Dr. Drinker has completed his change from preparedness for peace to preparedness for war:

"All the land is alive with patriotic feeling and effort. Dreadful as this war is with its loss of precious lives and its waste of material resources, already we can see how it is regenerating our land, bringing us closer together, effacing selfish and party aims, solidly uniting the nation in a twentieth century crusade for the right and for the freedom of man. . ."

"America's stand in this war. . . is absolutely altruistic and conceived on a high plane of duty to our fellow-men and a recognition to the call to which we, now the greatest nation on the earth should, respond. . ."

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LOCAL BOY . . .

from page nine

It is true, of course, that other members of the so-called Town Group, those 400-odd boys who room in private homes or hotels, miss many of the advantages of college life. They have some of the problems of the Bethlehem boy, but not all. Few people will oppose the belief that formal classes do not, in all cases, make up the major portion of a college education.

Increased fraternity membership would serve to supply the missing something in the Bethlehem student's education. At present there are thirty Bethlehem boys in the twenty-one fraternities at Lehigh. Thirteen houses have no Bethlehem members. The number thirty includes nine pledgees, and there are only twelve fraternities with a total of twenty-one members past the pledge stage. Although more town men have received bids and refused them, there are still quite many unrushed who resent being left out until they realize that there are 150 Bethlehem undergraduates at Lehigh and that this group probably has received attention to limits set by the law of chance. All fraternities disavow any discrimination against Bethlehem men, but, on the other hand, admit that they do not encourage non-resident membership. An annoying exception is the fact that out of a total of the thirty Bethlehem students in fraternities, ten are the sons of faculty.

Wherein the boarding student seems to lose in finding it necessary to leave the campus to get his meals, he still makes a net gain because of the "townie's" greater distance from the campus. The majority of Bethlehem students live at distances in excess of two miles from the campus both on the North and South Sides. This is no minor problem when they have to get home in time for a meal which is not always ready when they want it to be, and still get back to the campus by 7:30, the time at which most evening activities begin.

Many times he has the use of the family car, to be sure, but he also is held responsible for keeping it in condition for family use. I, myself, missed the kickoff in five of six home

games this season. Two were due to washing the car and two others through no fault of my own. Not infrequently various members of the family have to be ferried to Allentown for some shopping or other time consuming necessity.

Besides sharing family duties, the Bethlehem boy has family opinion to cope with. A valentine brings immediate results such as no reprimanding letter or telegram can duplicate. Cutting classes when those who finance you are present, forces you to explain patiently why you couldn't study for for your hour quizzes last weekend. Family discipline is often a help, but how it can boomerang! Not a few parents consider all mail from the university as their own and act accordingly if a cut notice or similar material is inside.

Last but not least is the matter of social contacts. Despite the casual acquaintances he loses in his home town, the out-of-towner who doesn't make a net gain of real friends by coming to Lehigh is a rarity and probably a hermit.

All of which is a summary of the "townie's" handicaps in extra-curricular activity. In spite of them, the Bethlehem group seems to be fairly well represented both as to gross activity of members and as to the average number of activities per man. Bethlehem men have captained Lehigh's major sport teams, won National and Eastern Intercollegiate individual wrestling honors, played direct and indirect parts in the past football season's few scores. And behind those who hold or have held positions in honor and course societies, the presidency of Arcadia and editorships on *Brown and White*, there are the far more numerous who fail to sparkle but continue to make up the ranks of Phi Beta Kappa men, athletic letter winners, etc.

The situation of the "townie", then, is one of extremes. The fraternity man, ten to one, has an exaggerated social life; the "townie" suffers under an exaggerated academic life. With the added burden of family and local duties, it's unusual that the "townie" makes out as well as he does.



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